YEAR BOOK
QUEENS COLLEGE
1919

QUEENS COLLEGE
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Year Book Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... ELIZABETH BROWN
Assistant Editor-in-Chief ..... MARGARET RUCKER
Business Manager ..... LAURA ALEXANDER
Assistant Business Manager ..... MARY LILES
Photographic Editor ..... MARGARET WILKINSON
Social Editor ..... MARY ELIZABETH WEARN
Joke Editor ..... LAURIE DOWLING

QUEENS COLLEGE

Officers Student Body

ELIZABETH ADELAIDE BROWN
President

MARGARET TATE GWYN
Treasurer

MARGARET ELIZABETH RUCKER
Vice-President

DEDICATED

TO

Miss Nettie Sue Tillett

OUR ADVISOR AND FRIEND

IN SINCERE APPRECIATION OF HER
UNTIRING EFFORTS TO PROMOTE
ALL CAUSES WHICH ARE CON-
DUCIVE TO THE UPBUILDING
OF OUR ALMA MATER.

Miss Nettie Sue Tillett

Faculty

WILLIAM ANDERSON ..... *Registrar*
SUSIE LYLE LACY ..... *Dean*
NETTIE SUE TILLETT ..... *Head of English Department*
MDM. ALFRED CABEL ..... *French*
ETHEL MAE ABERNETHY ..... *Philosophy and History*
MRS. NORA BRANCH ..... *Latin*
MARY L. FUNK ..... *Science*
GRACE HAYNES ..... *Mathematics*
ESTELLE JOHNSON ..... *Fitting School*
MARY REBECCA WHITMORE ..... *Fitting School*
DR. J. R. NINNIS ..... *Director of Music*
CLAIRE KELLOGG ..... *Voice*
LAURA MAE GILLON ..... *Assistant Music*
MARY LOUISE CROWELL ..... *Assistant Music*
M. VIRGINIA MOSS ..... *Expression*
ONOH POINDEXTER ..... *Expression Assistant*
MRS. DANIEL HENRY SHAY ..... *Domestic Science*
MARY GORDEY ..... *Assistant Domestic Science*
MRS. J. R. NINNIS ..... *Domestic Art*
MRS. ARTHUR B. GORE ..... *Art*
MRS. F. B. CALDWELL ..... *Matron*

LAVINIA ELIZABETH BOYER

EXPRESSION, PI DELTA

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"For even though vanquished she could argue still."

Treasurer Class '17-'18; Treasurer Pi Delta '17-'18; Assistant Business Manager of Year Book '17-'18; Literary Editor of Magazine '17-'18; Class Basket Ball '18-'19; Choral Club; Glee Club; Dramatic Club.

Lavinia is the debater of the school and of great benefit in arguing with the teacher when we don't know our lessons. Her enthusiasm for war work has somewhat cooled since the officers left Camp Greene, and Queens is receiving a little more of her thought just at present. Not content with an expression diploma, she is planning for a B. A. next year, and we know she'll get it.

She is a girl of strong character and sterling qualities and a friend worth having. She has been a great addition to school life in every phase, and we are sorry to leave her.

ELIZABETH ADELAIDE BROWN

B. A.

PI DELTA

RIPLEY, MISSISSIPPI

"Who chooseth me shall get what many men desire."

President Student Body '17-'19; Vice-President of Pi Delta '17-'18; Secretary Pi Delta '18-'19; Editor-in-Chief Year Book '17-'19; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '17-'18; Chairman Social Service '18-'19; Class Prophet '18-'19; Class Basket Ball '17-'18; Cotillion Club '17-'19; Dramatic Club '17-'19; Choral Club '18-'19.

Elizabeth has been given the ability to lead, and whatever phase of college life she enters upon, her influence is immediately felt. She has that indefinable air of superiority of viewpoint which is acquired only by those who have drained the cup of student life through the undergraduate years. With these traits and her amiable disposition we feel sure that Elizabeth will make an excellent pastor's assistant.

For further information we refer you to all her numerous crushes and their brothers.

ANNIE PRICE CARR

DOMESTIC SCIENCE, GAMMA SIGMA

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"She never did harm that I heard of."

Domestic Science '16-'19.

Annie Price is another one of our Domestic Science ladies, and we wonder how we would have survived without them. She has had all sorts of experiences as Cook, Waitress, Lunch-room Manager,—and, in fact, every branch of household science; so we can heartily recommend her to any man in search of a housekeeper. Her character is all right, too, and she can be depended upon absolutely.

Annie Price was not one of our class until this year, and we are just beginning to realize what we missed before. We wish for her "health, wealth, and happiness."

MINNIE BACHMAN DOAR

EXPRESSION, PI DELTA

GEORGETOWN, S. C.

"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside."

Critic of Pi Delta Society '17-'19; Class Poet '17-'19; Dramatic Club '17-'19; Cotillion Club '17-'18; College Choir '18-'19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '17-'19.

Minnie is the school laundress, and any time we wish to see her, we merely go out to the clothes line, where we are sure to find her busily working away. She has three ambitions, between which she can't decide; one is to establish a city laundry, another to run a restaurant in collaboration with Mrs. Caldwell, and the third to own and operate one of Isaac's Jew stores. She has lately developed a great crush on Mattie, and together they haunt the auditorium for unknown reasons.

Minnie is a girl of unusual talent and personality, and has been a most active member of the class of '19. We wish for her every good thing that life holds.

CLARA ELIZABETH HENDERSON

DOMESTIC SCIENCE, PI DELTA

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"A creature not too wise nor good for human nature's daily food."

Dramatic Club '18-'19; Cotillion Club '17-'18.

Clara is one of the most demure and quiet members of our class,—at least we thought so until she began calling up men for long conversation and refusing to tell her name. She has very decided opinions of her own on certain subjects, and has absolutely no fear of expressing them. If we want a thing well done, we can always depend on Clara, for "her word is her bond."

She is a girl that our class could not well do without, and we hope that in her chosen field of Domestic Science every success will await her.

MARY HELEN LILES, B. A.

PI DELTA

LILESVILLE, N. C.

"To know her was to love her."

Varsity Basketball '16-'19; Captain Class Basket Ball '16-'19; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '16-'17; President Y. W. C. A. '17-'18; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '18-'19; Delegate to Blue Ridge '17-'18; President Pi Delta Society '17-'19; Cotillion Club '17-'19; Vice-President of Class '17-'19.

Mary is planning to be a movie star, and is now at work on a scenario called "Spots." She is also a writer of note and is the author of that famous characterization of man, "The Importance of Being Earnest," which has so changed the ideals of our generation. She is quite interested in social problems, and even sold papers one entire afternoon on a cold street-corner, to better appreciate the point of view of the lower classes.

She is one of Queens' best all-round girls and one that we all love. We hope that her future may be as successful as her past, and that all her heart's desires may be gratified.

MARGARET ELIZABETH RUCKER
B. A.
GAMMA SIGMA
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"She thinks too much; such women are dangerous."

President Gamma Sigma Society '17-'19; President Athletic Association '17-'18; Vice-President Athletic Association '16-'17; President Class '15-'19; Class Basket Ball '15-'19; Year Book Staff '17-'19; Vice-President Student Body '18-'19; Treasurer of Gamma Sigma Society '16-'17.

Margaret has been one of the most loyal of all the Queens girls for four years, and has marshalled her class of which she has been president since "Fresh" days, through the thick of the fight. She is sincere in all undertakings, hopes always for the best, and faces results courageously and calmly. To her go out our best wishes for every success, and we are sure that she will get a "Lott" out of life.

ELIZABETH SLOAN, B. A.
GAMMA SIGMA
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"Women of few words are the best women."

Secretary and Treasurer of Student Council '17-'18; Class Historian '18-19; Class Basket Ball Team '17-'19.

Elizabeth is an implicit believer in the old maxim, "Children should be seen and not heard," and she has now become famous for her silence. At some future day we expect to see her universally acknowledged as the eighth wonder of the world, the woman who can and does give someone else a chance to talk; and even now she is a marvel to the entire population of Charlotte.

Elizabeth is a splendid student, a conscientious worker, and one in whom we have implicit confidence. May her path through life be rosy and her every moment packed with happiness.

MATTIE TOWNSEND

EXPRESSION, GAMMA SIGMA

DUNN, N. C.

"Much study is a weariness to the flesh."

Entered 1918; Treasurer of Class '18-'19; Secretary Athletic Association '18-'19.

If you ever want to find Mattie, you can with perfect assurance either look in her bed or go to the "jug," where she is usually detained for speeding. She sleeps 18 hours out of the twenty-four and yawns for the other six. We predict a great future for Mattie, either as an artist or as Daisy Belle at Keith's. We are sure she will succeed in anything she undertakes. She is liked by everybody, and is a girl we could not well do without.

MARY ELIZABETH WEARN

DOMESTIC SCIENCE, GAMMA SIGMA

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"Oh, that this too, too, solid flesh would melt."

Gamma Sigma Society '17-'19; Class Basket Ball '18-'19; Varsity '19; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '18; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. '19; Vice-President Athletic Association; Choral Club '18.

We all sit back and take notice when "Snappy" comes around, and when she gives an order we certainly do "step lively,"—if we didn't, we wouldn't be here to tell the tale. Without any doubt she is the wealthiest member of our class; for she is treasurer of eight or ten organizations and was never known to be broke. Her enthusiasm lies in the direction of country "Swain" and one is always hanging around (or will be until Camp Greene is entirely abolished.)

Mary E. is one of the biggest pillows of the class and has since her connection with the school taken an active part in every branch of college life.

She has had boundless experience as buyer for the lunch room, and can jew down a Jew. Gentlemen! take notice!!

MARGARET VIRGINIA WILKINSON
B. A.
GAMMA SIGMA
LAURINBURG, N. C.

"Faithful, gentle, and good, wearing the rose of womanhood."

Class Basket Ball '15-'19; Glee Club '15-'17; Delegate to Blue Ridge '17; Varsity Basket Ball '17-'19; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. '17-'18; Secretary of Class '17-'18; Cotillion Club '17-'19; Vice-President Gamma Sigma '17-'19; Year Book Staff '17-'19; President Y. W. C. A. '18-'19.

Dignity personified walks about in the form of Margaret, for she composes the sane and proper side of the Senior Class. She claims that she despises all men, and we all held our breath in admiration of so strong a character; but lately her actions have contradicted her words, and since the day that she cut classes to go on a rabbit hunt with a certain bachelor of Mecklenburg County, we have begun to fear that she has fallen from grace and is a mere mortal after all. She hopes to some day be Dean of Queens College, and we hope (since we won't be here) that her desire will be gratified.

We are sorry for the girls who next year will have to pull along without Margaret's aid, for she is one of our best. The world will surely hear from her.

Certificate Seniors

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

MARGARET McQUEEN

ELIZABETH MORRISON

FRENCH

BEATRICE OTTILIE DENHAM

ALWILDA VAN NESS

ENGLISH

MARY DIXON

EXPRESSION

MARGARET FAY KIDD

Post Graduate

EXPRESSION

ELIZABETH ADELAIDE BROWN

In the Morning

With Apologies to Service

MINNIE B. DOAR

I'm leaving Queens tomorrow—can you wonder that I'm sad?
Yet I've a little scrap of paper that I know you wish you had,—
A "dip" that I been wanting to carry to my dad,
And I'll take it straight to him in the morning.

I'm going home tomorrow, sure I left four years ago,
And I've worked and struggled faithful a little truth to know,
But now it's almost over,—my duty's done and lo
I'm taking a diploma in the morning.

And I just want to say for dear old Queens before I leave
That it's the truest Alma Mater ever, I do believe.
To part with her, my college, sure my heart will sorely grieve,
But I am leaving Queens in the morning.

Oh, there are other schools far richer, finer sometimes seen,
And there are other classes bigger than that of old nineteen,
But there's no class like ours, and no mater like our Queen.
Thank God for both every morning!

Senior Class History

BECOMING retrospective even before we bid a last farewell to college days, a line learned in Freshman English comes back to us with double significance: "Our noisy years do seem as moments." In the first place, we admit that our years have been "noisy years,"—but they have been noisy with laughter of happy girls, noisy with sighs of struggling students, noisy with the clamor of great happenings, noisy with the applause that follows successful accomplishments. Secondly, our school years, in truth, do seem as moments as we look back from the great distance at which we now stand from some of them and see them fit into their places among the other years that Father Time has thus far allowed us.

Of course, the descent from High School Seniority to Freshman status is hard to bear; but as I recall our first experience, I am glad to find, in no case was it fatal. We survived all shocks Freshmen are heir to.

At the beginning of our second year, a few members were added to our class. All of them have added to our glory. We, truly deserving the name applied to us, spent the year very much as other Sophomore Classes have done, condescendingly pitying all the inhabitants of this globe, especially those unfortunates called Freshmen. This year passed so quickly that before we could realize it, we had passed the final examinations and were ready to enter Junior Land.

When the class of '19 assembled at the college in the fall of 1917, it was with a feeling somewhat akin to that of a Freshman, for the president, the dean, the faculty, and the majority of the students were new. In spite of the Freshman atmosphere, however, we soon learned that we were prematurely grown old; for owing to unusual circumstances, many of the responsibilities which rest on the Seniors fell to us when Juniors. This additional experience accounts for the ability of some of our members to act as leaders, for which especially our class is distinguished.

As Camp Greene had been located in Charlotte, a new outside interest was added. We, realizing that the camp was far more important than our studies, arranged our work and looked after it accordingly, disregarding all differences of opinion between ourselves and the faculty on this point.

While still Juniors, we learned that the trustees had given up Queens College as a lost cause, and a movement to save the college started by members of our class was crowned with success. We are proud of this, and feel doubly close to our Alma Mater because we have been able to serve her thus.

When we entered upon the "home stretch" of our college career in the fall of 1918, we were full of enthusiasm and plans for the year. This late in our career several girls, who have proved valuable additions, joined us to complete their search for knowledge. We hope that we have borne our dignity worthily; and even though some have shown a tendency to run in the halls I feel that we have and that levity on their part was due to a feeling of responsibility for performing numerous duties hurriedly, and not due to that lack of senior requisite. For the list of geniuses in the class, the reader may refer to the class roll in the front of this book.

Altogether, it may be seen we are only recording in the class history and in our memories sweet recollections of happy days and broadening experiences. Indeed, we say with perfect assurance that Fate may do her worst in the future, but there are bright dreams of the past she cannot destroy; and the brightest of the past will center around our Alma Mater.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1919

STATE of North Carolina, Mecklenburg County, City of Charlotte, Queens College, May 27, 1919. We, the Class of 1919 of the aforesaid State, County and College, having through various trials and hardships attained the long hoped for and diligently sought position of Seniority, having successfully passed that unspeakable Psychology, and having patiently borne the sarcasm and knocks that have been dealt to us in abundance, do now declare ourselves of sound minds in spite of it all. Therefore, we make and ordain this to be our last will and testament:

First: We do will and bequeath to our Alma Mater our undying loyalty and support.

Second: We do bequeath to Winnifred Potts and Cornelia Lewis the last edition of Elizabeth Brown's "How to Grow Fat," with our heartfelt wishes for success in following its directions.

Third: We do give to the college all the unused junk handed into the Year Book Staff for use in the furnace on a coalless day.

Fourth: We do bequeath willingly the trials and tribulations that Elizabeth Brown has so cheerfully undergone in getting out the Year Book to the future Editor-in-Chief.

Fifth: We do bequeath to Miss Tillett, our friend and adviser, our constant love and admiration.

Sixth: We do cheerfully give to the Junior Class our vast amount of knowledge of Psychology, knowing from experience that any help on said subject would be a greatly needed gift.

Seventh: We do will Elizabeth Brown's quiet disposition and poise to Ona Whitley to be used in South Hall at all times.

Eighth: We do solemnly will and bequeath Minnie Doar's melodious voice to Mrs. Gore's old cat.

Ninth: We do leave to the future English Classes all the various and charming noises made just outside the English room.

Tenth: We do will to the Library Fund all money made by the Senior Class in packing the streets of Charlotte.

Eleventh: We do bequeath the Senior's quiet and graceful manner of bearing defeat to the Freshmen.

Twelfth: We do give to the Sophomores our popularity with the faculty.

Thirteenth: We do bequeath Elizabeth Brown's "Only Friend" to Violet Johnson.

Fourteenth: We do will to Miss Lacy and Miss Whitmore our skill in flipping water across the dining room. By way of advise—practice makes perfect.

Fifteenth: We do bequeath to Margaret McQueen, Mary Elizabeth Wearn's monopoly of the 'phone and trust that she will allow others an occasional conversation.

Sixteenth: We do will to Kizzie Oehler the great love which Mattie Townsend has for History.

Seventeenth: We do will and bequeath to the future canvassers of Queens College Lavinia Boyer's power to beg.

Eighteenth: We do wish that Margaret Rucker's habit of calling senior meetings daily be given to the Junior Class president with the hope that it will do things on time.

Nineteenth: We bequeath to the Fitting School girls our privilege of going to Keith's with the request that they do not abuse this privilege by going there more than twice a week.

Twentieth: We do solemnly give and bequeath unto the Freshmen of 1920 our much loved and honored colors, the green and the gold.

In Witness Whereof, this will has been drawn by me with the full consent of the class of 1919.

MARY LILES.

Prophecy

WE have all heard it said, I am sure, that one of the impossible things in life is for a woman to resist a bargain. I had always declared that it was an untrue statement, however, until I myself had an experience which forever proved its truth. Not long ago, Kress had a wonderful sale of all sorts of odds and ends, and I went, just to see and not to buy. Temptation overcame me, however, and I ended by buying a whole counter of miscellaneous goods at a wonderful reduction.

The trouble began when I reached home, though, for I had no earthly use for my purchases,—no safe hiding place, and I couldn't confess to my family that I had turned bargain hunter. Suddenly a bright thought struck me, and I literally danced a jig; for I remembered the prophesies of Madam Cecyl in regard to our class and my bargains would be the best thing to help the Queens of 1919 in their future occupation.

The first article that I picked up was a big dinner bell, and since electric bells are the present style, I was puzzled as to how I might dispose of it. Then I remembered Mary Elizabeth Wearn, our future "Salvation Army Lass," and I thought how splendid this bell would be to call the people to service, as she manages the big pot for money, on the Realty building corner. Then more of the population will be able to hear her sweet voice lifted in song, and she will accomplish much more for her cause.

The next of my purchases was a policeman's whistle, and I shrieked with delight, for I couldn't have found a more suitable gift for Mattie Townsend. Ten years from now, if any of you happen to walk down the streets of Charlotte and pass through the square, you will see, standing erect in its center, the traffic cop of the city, Mattie. Her uniform is most becoming, and she has so lost her inclination to drowsiness that a sleeping portion is necessary to produce even a short nap.

Paper napkins came next in my supply of goods and at first I was puzzled. Then I thought of Clara Henderson and Annie Price Carr, and I realized that my gift would be of inestimable benefit to them in their lunch room, which will occupy a prominent place next to Lillycrop. There they will serve hot dogs and pink lemonade to such crowds that they will become wealthy and donate hundreds of thousands of dollars to Queens College.

I next picked up a little lunch basket and the name of Lavinia Boyer popped into my head. When all the soldiers come home from France with a French wife or minus a limb, she will give up men in disgust and adopt the life of a teacher. About five miles from town, at Mr. John Pharr's school-house, she will instruct the young, and live a life of great usefulness. Since she can't come in for lunch, a basket to carry with her will be a great help.

My next gift is in the form of artificial flowers and goes to Minnie Doar. A wonderful career of publicity is to be mapped out for her, for she will be the star at the Piedmont. As singer, reader, and dancer she will make a great hit, and when real corsages are lacking this will be the very thing for her.

Ten years from today, Margaret Rucker will be the wife of a missionary and will be busy trying to convert the benighted inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands. She

will be so busy with the heathen that she will entirely neglect her own four little children, and a doll will be the very thing to amuse them; so, I give to her the next of my bargains.

I then picked up a copy of Snappy Stories, and my joy knew no bounds; for nothing could have been more appropriate for Margaret Wilkinson. Ten years from now Margaret will be occupying a prominent place in the Charlotte jail, for she, Mrs. Pankhurst number two, will have been imprisoned for general disorder and breaking of plate glass windows in a suffrage uprising. Of course, she will need something to read, and Snappy's will exactly appeal to her.

A Japanese parasol then came to view, and I immediately thought of Elizabeth Sloan, whose life is to be passed in a circus tent. As bare-back rider and tight rope walker, she will greatly need some sort of a balance, and this parasol will be fine.

The last thing I picked up was this wedding-ring, and, of course, it must go to our class bride, Mary Liles. I'm sure she will appreciate it as an economical measure, for ministers are often poor, and we fear that her husband will be no exception. We wish for her every happiness.

For the Class of 1919, we wish all the good things of life and every success in every line they may attempt.

ELIZABETH A. BROWN.

IN MEMORIAM

CORINNA WORTH FINLEY

BORN MARCH 13, 1898
DIED DECEMBER 6, 1918

Juniors

MARY WINIFRED POTTS
President

GRACE CROOKS FARNUM
Vice-President

MARGARET TATE GWYN
Secretary

ONA RUTH WHITLEY
Treasurer

MOTTO: "Conare Esse Primum."
COLORS: Dark blue and gold.
FLOWERS: Violet and jonquil.

OFFICERS

President ..... MARY WINIFRED POTTS
Vice-President ..... GRACE CROOKS FARNUM
Secretary ..... MARGARET TATE GWYN
Treasurer ..... ONA RUTH WHITLEY

CLASS ROLL

ALEXANDER, LAURA JOHNSTON
CHALMERS, BESSIE MITCHELL
CLARKE, MARGARET RAEFIELD
DUNN, EUNICE
FARNUM, GRACE CROOKS
GWYN, MARGARET TATE
HARKEY, BESSIE NEWELL
HARTMAN, ELIZABETH MARGARET
JOHNSON, VIOLET HENRY
MONROE, GRACE
OVERTON, MARGARET
POTTS, MARY WINIFRED
WHITLEY, ONA RUTH

LAURA JOHNSTON
ALEXANDER

BESSIE MITCHELL
CHALMERS

MARGARET RAEFIELD
CLARK

EUNICE DUNN

BESSIE NEWELL
HARKEY

ELIZABETH MARGARET
HARTMAN

VIOLET HENRY
JOHNSON

GRACE MONROE

MARGARET OVERTON

SOPHOMORE CLASS

MOTTO: "Laudandae Simus"
COLORS: Red and White
FLOWER: Red Rose

OFFICERS

President ..... KATRINE WIGGINS
Vice-President ..... HELEN JOHNSON
Secretary ..... LAURIE DOWLING
Treasurer ..... HESSIE BOGER

CLASS ROLL

BLAIR, MARGARET
BOGER, HESSIE
DAVENPORT, DORCAS
DOWLING, LAURIE
JOHNSON, HELEN
OEHLER, KIZZIE
REID, DIXIE
WIGGINS, KATRINE

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class

MARGARET ANDERSON ..... *President*
ELIZABETH FINLEY ..... *Vice-President*
SARA BRITTON ..... *Secretary*
CLAIRE STAFFORD ..... *Treasurer*

ELIZABETH ABERNETHY
IDA BERTHA BAUERSFELD
MARY BLAIR
AUGUSTA CURRIE
RUTH CANNON
EDNA DEATON
SUSAN GLASGOW
WILLIE HENDERSON
MARGIE HUNTER
MARGARET HOLBROOK
MARY HUNTER
DOROTHY LONG
CATHERINE LONG
MILDRED MORSE
DOROTHY WILKINSON
MYRTLE WILLIAMSON
ELOISE MARTIN
RUBY THOMPSON
LILLIAN BAILES
SARAH AUSTIN
MABELLE BROWN
ODESSA LEMMOND
MARGARET CLARK
VIRGINIA ATKINS
FRANCES PITTS
ALICE TODD
LAURA TITMAN
LENORA HENDERSON
EUNICE BLUE
BEATRICE DENHAM
GRAHAM McCALL

SPECIALS

Specials

ANNA ABERNETHY
GRACE AUTEN
SADIE BARRETT
FLORA BRAZINGTON
AGNES BUCHANAN
ANNIE BURNS
EVA CRAVEN
MARGARET E. CLARK
MARY LYNN CURRIE
JANE DEVEREAUX
ANN EARTHMAN
LOIS FRUMAN
JULIA FITZWATER
CLARA HARDING
RUTH HERRON
LOUISE WILKIE
FRANCES PITTS
MARY DOVE
ANNIE HUDSON
ELIZABETH MORRISON
MIRIAM WILLIAMS
OPFIE SFOON
CLARA REID
REBECA SNIDER
MARY BULLARD
MARGARET MAY
CLARA KING
KATHERINE SHUTE
KATHERINE MCLEOD
LUCY STOUGH
EMILY HUNTINGTON
ANNIE THOMAS
MARGARET MCQUEEN
THELMA SUTTLE
JANE PRATT
ELISE GLENN
ALWILDA VANNESS
MARY STEWART
HELLEN REGAN
RUTH WALLACE
MARY LEE CROWELL
ELIZABETH CLARY
KATHERINE BLAKENEY
FLOSSIE RUDISILL
MYRTLE HUDSON
ELIZABETH SARRATT
VIOLA JORDAN

FITTING SCHOOL

Fitting School

LUCIA BEASON
LILLIS RUSSEL
MYRTLE HOVIS
MARY ADAMS
MARY SPRATT
LAURA McGINN
VALERIA POSEY
LUCILE MOORE
SETHELLE BLACK
DIANA BLACK
MARIE WALLACE
KATE CROWELL
GERTRUDE BIGHAM
ANNIE HUDSON
KATHERINE FRINK
HELEN CROWELL
MAUDE WELSH
MARIE SMITH
MARGUERITE WILSON
AILEEN CLARK
HELEN DARDINE
REBECCA SNYDER
LAURA TILLETT
ELSIE PALMER
HANNAH BLAIR
GLADYS PALMER
LUCRETIA MORROW
RUTH ANDERSON
VIRGINIA ABBOTT
WILMA JAMISON
BEATRICE STEPHENS

ANNIE LEAK DIBBLE
ANNIE PARKS MOORE
ELIZABETH KING
LOIS ROGERS
KATHERINE IVEY
MARGUERITE CASHION
KATHERINE HARKEY
DOROTHY POWELL
EULA BOLICK
NELL MARSH
MYRTLE HARKEY
JOHNSIE LITTLE
MARY MURRAY
SARAH WILMURDINE
CYNTHIA ELLIOTT
GERTRUDE MCCLELLAN
VIDA COOK
DORIS CALDWELL
ROSALIE JONES
SARAH KEESLER
RUTH PRYOR
DORIS SKAGGS
ANN HARDIE
CHARLOTTE GARTH
LOUISE ABBEY
PEARL FLANAGAN
ELISE GLENN
CATHERINE GREEN
MYRTLE HARRIS
LAVONNE ABERNETHY
KATHERINE NEWSON

Violent Delights

A Drama in Three Acts

MARGARET RUCKER, '19

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GREGORY BROWN—A wounded American soldier, who lives later under the assumed name James Gregory.
MRS. RICHARDSON—His daughter.
MR. RICHARDSON—His son-in-law.
BILL ROLAND—An American friend.
M. BOLLE—A Frenchman, friend to M. Brown.
RED CROSS NURSE.

ACT I

This scene is laid in a Red Cross hospital in the Fall of 1918. Several beds are seen, but only three are prominent. In the middle bed is Gregory Brown, who in his array of bandages looks very much like a model used in a First Aid class. To his right and left, the occupants of the beds are, seemingly, asleep. A nurse is busy bandaging Gregory's eye while other nurses and occasionally a doctor pass to and fro.

GREGORY (with a forced grin): The doctor said that one had winked out, didn't he?

GREGORY: Oh, yes. Anyway, I can see the most inviting scenes with both of them closed.

NURSE (cheerfully): Yes, but you'll see enough of this old world with one good eye, won't you?

NURSE: Happy past or pleasant future?

GREGORY: Past—the future looms up like a black, impenetrable cloud whether my eyes are open or closed.

NURSE (teasingly): Now if that's the way you're spending your time, I'll have to forbid you ever to take another squint into the future.

GREGORY (looking around cautiously): Listen, friend Nurse, if you'll do me a favor—just a little one—I promise that I won't bother any more about the road ahead.

NURSE: Depends on the favor, but I'm always glad to help.

GREGORY: Hate to bother you, but it won't take a moment. I'm such a helpless idiot here without my arm, and with the rest of me all wound up in this stuff. (Points to left.) Look there—the man on the next cot has just gone west, hasn't he? (A nurse is seen moving away.)

NURSE: Yes. Why?

GREGORY (eagerly): So you see the identification tag on his wrist—right there within your reach? (Nurse with puzzled expression nods.) Well, exchange mine for it.

NURSE (still puzzled): Are you crazy or joking?

GREGORY: Neither. I've never been so serious in my life. (Hurriedly.) Listen while I explain. First look at me posing as a man when I'm minus an eye,

arm and leg—just a mere remnant instead. (She protests.) Wait. And here I am not worth my daily soup, and with no chance to improve in the future. Now, think about my happy little wife, about whom I have often spoken, and the tiny babe. I've never seen her, you know. But they're both expecting me to come back when this fuss is all over—to come back whole—yes, and fairly decent looking just as I left. Do you think I could take this battered remnant back to her? No, and I won't if———

NURSE (smilingly): I know now that you're out of your head. Why, of course, she wants you! Love doesn't see the defects anyway.

GREGORY: That "love is blind" argument won't do in this case, though. My wife is different—in fact—well, I'm just a bit afraid that she accepted me with her eyes too wide open (hesitating—pulls a letter from under the pillow)—maybe this will help explain. See what she calls me sometimes.

NURSE (reading): "Dear handsome hubby o' mine" (Laughs). Not crazy, but conceited.

GREGORY (with emotion): But please be serious, and help me before they take the body away.

NURSE: Why, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing! If you're so considerate go back to your wife, and protect a heart that you are now trying to break.

GREGORY: That's just it. If I should go back, she's plucky enough to grin and endure it, but I know it would hurt. If I'm reported dead though—she'll never believe it unless the government reports it. She'll grieve for a while. But that's comforting sorrow—the kind that heals up and sweetens life in the healing. Ah! (beating himself with his bandaged hand), here's the heart that is breaking, but it must be done. Can't you see, and won't you help?

NURSE: I'd be glad to help you some way, but that's impossible. Now, I must go to my next patient.

GREGORY (detaining her and looking at cot, too): He's asleep. Please don't go and leave me in this fix. Why, she'd wear her heart away caring for me. If you'll help me, she'll be kept out of this cloud. You know we were married just a month after I met her, then I came across; so, after all, she won't miss me dreadfully.

NURSE: Then you have no faith in her love?

GREGORY: I've never seen it put to such a severe test. Ah! She's such a happy little creature now. And no one will ever know the difference, if you do this for me.

NURSE: But why all this when the name has already been tabulated, and on the way to the States, perhaps?

GREGORY: No—the nurse came over to take it down and was called away to an urgent duty. There's the book left on the bed even. Now is my chance. Oh, for another hand! I can't even get mine off.

NURSE (looking at him fixedly): I really believe you are serious.

GREGORY: Serious! Why, I've never been more so in my life.

NURSE: But suppose I did; then what?

GREGORY: Then all would be well. That fellow told me himself that there was not a single person who cared whether he lived or (doctor passes.)

NURSE: Sh— (fixing bandage). I think that will be all right now.

GREGORY: He's gone. Hurry!

NURSE (hesitates): Why should you want to make such a sacrifice, though? I think I'd better not get mixed up in this affair.

GREGORY (starts, then steadies himself): Does your womanly intuition tell you that I'm lying?

NURSE (slowly): No-o.

GREGORY: Then believe me, and help me. I swear it will never leak out.

NURSE (with look of determination she unclasps his tag, hesitates, then quickly exchanges them): There, it's done. May God forgive me!

GREGORY: How can I——

NURSE: Sh—. I must go. (She hurries away. Just then Bill Roland, a round-faced, congenial looking fellow, pokes his head out of the covers.)

BILL: Th' hell you'll get away with that yarn. I've heard the whole thing.

GREGORY: Man alive, you won't ruin her?

BILL: Nah. But it's that little wife of yours who needs some inside information.

GREGORY: If you heard my story, you ought to understand.

BILL: Understand nothing. Why, man, you don't know women. Now, she'll be glad to work her finger-nails off for you when she gets you back.

GREGORY: Yes, but——

BILL: No buts nor ifs, either. I know you have a good wife—there are only good and bad.

(At this point the body is taken out by two men.)

GREGORY: You forget, friend, that there are several degrees of goodness. (Face lightens up suddenly.) Why, man, you're a fool—you don't know my name nor address.

BILL: And you're another, because I can find out in the office.

GREGORY: If you do expose this, I'll choke you till—

BILL (good naturedly): Choke me, pal, with your only hand tied up like a boxing glove?

GREGORY: Ah, this is worse than death—a useless wreck—with enough tattered sails left to keep shifting along with the mob. She'll be happy again soon, though.

ACT II.

This scene is laid twenty years later in a war relic shop, which Gregory and his friend, Bill, have set up in Paris to catch the stream of tourists who come from the States. It is morning of November 11th. Gregory and his French friend, M. Bolle, are talking. Bill enters hurriedly. Gregory, with one crutch strapped to his side, manages to get around fairly well.

BILL: By George, these reunions always get my fighting blood up. (Snatches up an old bayonet and starts toward Gregory) till I feel like——

GREGORY: Kamerad!

BOLLE: Mon Dieu—c'est—

BILL (turning on him): And don't spout any French to me. This is one day in the year when I want plain English.

GREGORY: Aha! Your little wife will have to drill you more in French.

BILL: Oh, she drills me all right—and I always understand what I want to hear.

BOLLE (examining relics—picks up a door knob.) What's this—something else you've unearthed?

GREGORY (smiling): That's Bill's pet relic.

BILL: Yes, yes. I tho't I'd told you about that. We were raiding the trenches one day in the Argonne-Meuse fight. I came to a locked door, heard some German gab coming through the key-hole. Seeing visions of marching in a whole company of 'em, I grabbed the knob, gave the door a jerk, and an explosion blew me, dug-out and all, in the air. When I hit the ground again, I was still holding to this knob.

BOLLE: Phew! You're still a Yank! (Looks at watch.) Must be going—Bon jour.

BILL: S'long.

GREROry: Drop in again. (Bolle goes out.) Bill, this is the tenth anniversary of our little shop, too. Do you remember how we bumped into each other after years of wandering about, and started this project?

BILL: Yes, I remember. And I hate to think of busting up the company, but you've gotta go.

GREGORY: What are you up to now? Go where?

BILL: Go home, where you should have gone twenty years ago—back to home ties and home fires. I've hit on a fine plan. (Gregory starts to speak.) Wait till I get through. I've found a doctor who claims that he can fix you up as sound as a dollar—graft on a leg and arm and—

GREGORY: Rob the dead again, eh? No, thank you. Besides, it's too late now. What would she——

BILL: There you go, trying to bust up my best scheme. Pal, you'll just keep moping around here till you drop off if you don't listen to me. Oh! I knew you always look happy, and I know, too, that it's just skin deep.

GREGORY: You're right, friend. "Tears do not always flow down one's cheeks."

(At this point a young American couple enters to look over the relics. Gregory glances up, starts suddenly, then resumes his writing, and avoids Bill's gaze.)

MR. RICHARDSON: There, Milly, is the flying tank I was telling you about. (They move toward rear.)

GREGORY (looking up, and murmuring): Milly? Milly—

(Here Gregory, with set face, turns to Bill.) Bill, you show that couple around. I have a job in the office (rises with effort, and goes out).

(The couple, now to the front, again stop in front of a big glass case—.)

MILLY: Look, Jack, these have names on them. Can you read that one in the corner—looks like somebody Brown?

JACK: J. L. Brown, Signal Corps, Rainbow Division.

MILLY: No, that can't be father. He was in Thirtieth Division, you know.

BILL (who is standing nearby, looks up quickly): Thirtieth! That's my old division. Did you know any of the boys in 120th regiment?

MILLY: The same regiment. Yes, sir, I knew the best boy in it, my father, Gregory Brown. He died in a hospital from wounds received in Argonne-Meuse

fight. Those were all the details mother ever got. I wonder, sir, if you could help us locate the grave? I'm so anxious to visit it for my dear mother's sake.

BILL: Your mother?

MILLY: Yes. She died several years ago with broken heart. She tried not to believe the report, and looked, and longed for him till the end. I never saw my father, but he was—well, here's his picture with mother's in the back of my watch. (Bill looks at it closely).

BILL: By Jove! Those eyes are my friend's.

MILLY: Sir?

BILL: I said I'm sure I've seen him before; but I can't quite place him. Yes, I remember in the hospital at Sept-Sarges, he was on the cot next to me, if I'm not mistaken. You'll find the grave in that vicinity.

MILLY: Oh, sir—did he suffer much, and did he ever mention his wife's name, Milly—the same as mine?

BILL (with effort): Yes, often (truthfully). His last words were about her.

JACK: We must be going if we expect to see more of the city. Thank you kindly for the information. Hope we may have an opportunity to see you again. You'll be at the Victory Ball tonight, I suppose?

BILL: Yes—and I'll bring along a friend who was also in 120th. (They go out.)

BILL: Glory be—that's his daughter as sure as I'm living. I'll take him to the ball tonight, and introduce him before he has time to choke me. (Gregory re-enters.) Well, Gregory Brown (Gregory reddens and remains speechless), it's time for that doctor's engagement.

GREGORY: You don't mean?

BILL: I mean that you are to obey my orders for once. Come on and get your hat. (Goes into adjoining room.)

GREGORY: Milly! My Milly! No, it can't be! But maybe—oh, maybe he can patch me up till I'll look fairly decent. I will go, friend, wait (goes out). (Curtain).

ACT III.

(An alcove adjoining a big ball room is seen. Music is heard off stage, gay couples dance by continually. Bill, with haggard expression, is seated alone in the alcove).

BILL: What a fool I was to tell him about her before the doctor saw him! Now, he won't let me reveal it, and I don't blame him much, poor fellow. But surely that doctor was mistaken. Three of them pronounced it tuberculosis of the bone. though. Ah! he can't hold out even three months after I've piled this other on his mind. There's the plucky old bluffer now—always smiling.

GREGORY (starts past and stops): Well, friend, why the dark corner on such a gala occasion? The last dance is on now, and you're missing a glorious time. (Comes in.) Come, friend, and quit thinking about what's ahead. Why, my black cloud has broken for the first time in twenty years. I'm pushing on through it to cloudless future, too. Don't worry about me. I'm happy. I tell you, inside and out. (Bill continues to stare.) Look, there she goes radiantly happy. I've been talking to her, and I've caught it, too. What more could I desire than the sight of that dear face

now, and another waiting just a short distance ahead.

(Music ceases—and the people are seen passing out.)

BILL (looking about): Why, the thing's over already, and I haven't seen my old nurse yet.

GREGORY: There she is, just across from us.

BILL: Wait here for me; will be back in a moment. (Goes out.)

GREGORY: Ah, she's leaving now, but not going out of my life. I'm keeping a part of her stored up in my mind. The thoughts of her will keep me happy for the short time I'm here, then I'll hurry away to the dear one who has been patiently waiting all these years. I was a brute for staying away, but I wasn't sure, and was afraid to risk it. Both of us have suffered because of that impulsive act, but little Milly shall not. No, she shall never know.

(Curtain.)

Yesterday and Today

MARY WINIFRED POTTS

'Twas yesterday I held him in my arms,
A curly light-haired boy,
Protecting, shielding from the harms
Which would his life destroy.

Today he marches forth to war
Beside his allied brother,

To make the world in peace and law
A safe place for his mother.

MARY LILES

MARY ELIZABETH WEARN

MARGARET GWYN

MARGARET VIRGINIA WILKINSON

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Laura Alexander	*Forward*
Ida Bertha Bauersfeld	*Forward*
Mary Liles	*Forward*
Grace Farnum	*Center*
Mary Elizabeth Wearn	*Center*
Sarah Britton	*Center*

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MARY ELIZABETH WEARN ..... *Center*
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KATHERINE IVEY ..... *Captain*
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ANNIE LEAK DIBBLE ..... *Forward*
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Bill

ELIZABETH ABERNETHY

I AM afraid that I can not hold myself entirely to the story when I begin about Bill. My mind always strays to some kind deed which made my life a happy one. I must first tell a little about my wonderful pal before I begin my story about him.

Bill was a large boy. He was six feet and two inches tall. But no one noticed that he was so tall because his shoulders and frame were built to match his height. His eyes were the very windows to his big soul. His smile could melt the sternest teacher's frown. There was no kind of sport in which he did not take the leading part. He belonged to all the clubs and organizations in the school. When there was any concert given by the band or glee club, it was sure to be a failure unless Bill was in it.

It seemed strange to all that such a boy as Bill should chum with a boy like me. But it was because of this friendship that I was saved from many a home-sick hour.

Not far from our High School there was a private school for girls. This school did the same work as the High School, but was for the select people of the town—people who objected to sending their girls to the public schools. It was the chief fun of our boys to talk to these girls while there was no teacher in sight to worry us.

How well do I remember the afternoon when Bill and I were walking home after a tiresome game of baseball. We were both weary and dirty, but beneath all this any girl could see that Bill was a good looking boy. As we passed by the school, we saw two perfectly beautiful girls in a window of one of the buildings.

"Ralph," said Bill, "do you see that girl at the left? Gee, isn't she a peach?"

And with this exclamation he blew a piercing whistle through his hands.

"Do you suppose they'll answer?" Bill asked in a hushed tone.

"Sure. Do you think any girl could ignore a whistle like that?" I replied with scorn. For no matter how free Bill could be with boys, there was something about girls which frightened him. It might be that they crowded around him too much.

"Ralph, they're waving! Wonder if we could find a way to meet them. That girl at the left is sure one good looking girl."

For once heaven must have inspired me. At my feet I saw a bunch of weeds. There is nothing very inspiring about a bunch of weeds, but for once it seemed beautiful to me. Why should we not write them a note and leave it there for them?

Thus began one of the most interesting times in my life. The next morning we were up early to go to school. We could hardly wait to get to "Our Mail Box," as we now called the bunch of weeds. When we got there, Bill gave one cry, one shout, and one jump. There was a note! I was rather disappointed that there was only one, but I soon forgot all this in Bill's happiness. The note was signed, "Anita."

It soon became a habit to go to "Our Mail Box" every day. There was always a letter there and Bill always put one there for Anita. These short notes grew longer and longer until they became big, fat letters. But Bill did not wish to continue things in this way. He wanted more than letters.

"Ralph, I am going to meet that girl soon," he would declare to me almost every

day. But time passed on, and it drew near time for summer vacation, and still Bill knew Anita by her letters and pictures alone. I remember well how he would carry those pictures around with him in his pockets every day. It could easily be seen by them that she was a very pretty girl.

At last, our examinations were over; our goal was reached, and Bill and I stood up together to receive our diplomas. It was one happy day for both of us, but for some strange reason, Bill did not seem as happy as the rest of us.

"Cheer up, old sport," I said as I began to understand what was worrying him. "You'll meet her some day."

But Bill only smiled sadly.

With the end of that day came the many joys of summer holidays. There were parties, dances, straw rides, picnics, and almost everything that anyone could think of. Bill and I took a two weeks' fishing trip in the mountains. We had a wonderful time. At almost every small town where we would camp, Bill was soon making himself known. I have never seen such pretty girls in my life. No wonder Bill forgot the little girl Anita.

September came all too soon for us. We hated to take up our studies again. And we were not long in college before we began to realize that life would not be as it had been in high school. We had to study much harder. Besides that, the life of a Freshman is not very easy or comfortable. But as we became farther advanced in our classes, he found that, after all, college is not so very different from high school.

In our Junior year, Bill began to notice the girls more. Our frat was forever and eternally giving dances. It naturally had a big "blowout" after our base ball battle with the State University. Fates seemed to have appointed that day for the biggest one in Bill's life—except one. That afternoon, the fans for the two teams gathered at the field. The score was two and two, and that was the last inning. Our college had a man on every base and the very air was hot with excitement. The boys from each college held their breath. Bill was at the bat. The pitcher threw the ball, and before we had time to catch our breath, the ball was whizzing through space. The day was saved for us!

"Bill, Bill! Hurrah for Bill!" was the cry on every tongue. The boys were going wild. They hoisted Bill upon their shoulders and carried him through the town to the campus.

That evening at the dance given at our frat, there were several young ladies from a college in a town near by. As usual, Bill was the center of attraction, and especially so since his great victory of the afternoon. Every girl crowded around him and begged for an introduction. But I noticed that there was one girl who did not seem so very anxious to meet Bill. She was just the kind of girl who does not have to ask for an introduction. The men will take care of that.

I soon found a boy to introduce me to her. Her name was Miss Langston. There was something about the girl which seemed to recall a former friendship, but I could not remember whom she resembled.

It did not take Bill long to discover that his triumph was not complete. He drew me to one side and said, "Ralph, do you know that girl who is with Charles

Bencini? She's just about the only girl here whom I haven't met, and I'm just crazy about her."

"Come on, I'll introduce you," I said, taking his arm.

Miss Langston seemed to like Bill fairly well, for she danced at least four dances with him.

Towards the close of the evening, Bill came to me with a troubled air.

"Well, old sport, she's a dear, but there's something—well, she just reminds me of someone else. I just can't seem to place her."

"Let's go over where she is; I haven't seen nearly as much of her as I should like."

As we drew near, one of the boys near Miss Langston called out,

"I say, how did you and Anita ever happen to be from the same town and not know each other?"

"Anita! Anita who?" And Bill's face began to look queer. Ah, he knew then!

Anita! Why, of course; she was the same Anita. She looked for the world like her pictures.

Bill told me later that he nearly had heart failure. During the next dance, he told Anita Langston this same story which I have told you here. At first, she denied it, but later confessed.

It was love with Bill from that evening. I did not see very much of him that summer. He was always planning something for Anita. But he liked best of all just to sit on her front porch with her and talk about—well, I need not be too specific here. Yes, my place in Bill's heart has been taken away from me, but we are still the best of pals.

What? It is nearly seven o'clock? I dare say Bill is pacing the floor and waiting for his best man. The wedding is to be at eight-thirty. I am almost as nervous as the bride herself. Be sure to be there on time.

COTILLION CLUB

Cotillion Club

LUCRETIA MORROW
MAGGIE BELK
ALWILDA VAN NESS
EUNICE BLUE
RUBY THOMPSON
CLAIRE STAFFORD
MARGARET OVERTON
RUTH CANNON
VIOLET JOHNSON
VIRGINIA ATKINS
ELISE GLENN
MARGARET CLARK
ANNIE THOMAS
FLOSSIE RUDISILL
ELIZABETH SARRATT
MARY BELLE WELSH
LAURA TILLETT
MAUD WELSH
MARGUERITE WILSON
FAYE KIDD
RUTH HERRON
JANE PRATT
MARY ELIZABETH WEARN
MARGARET WILKINSON

RUTH ANDERSON
ELIZABETH KING
KATHERINE IVEY
ELIZABETH BROWN
LOIS ROGERS
IDA BERTHA BAUERSFELD
ELIZABETH CLARY
KATHERINE BLAKENEY
FRANCES PITTS
HELEN RAGAN
RUTH WALLACE
GLADYS PALMER
MARY LEE CROWELL
ELOISE MARTIN
BEATRICE DENHAM
LILLIAN BAILES
MARGARET GWYN
ELSIE PALMER
JULIA FITZWATER
SARA BRITTON
KATHRYN SHUTE
CATHERINE McLEOD
HANNAH BLAIR
ANNIE LEAK DIBBLE

VIRGINIA ABBOTT

JAZZ BAND

D. I. T. H.

COUNTRY CLUB

SIGMA DELTA

"THE ONLY CHILD"

"K, 3"

"THAT SEXTETTE"

SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB

VIRGINIA CLUB

COSMOPOLITAN CLUB

A Returned Hero

HELEN JOHNSON, 1921

Aw go on, you nigger, now don'
You gimme none your sass;
Talk erbout yer French gal; say, son,
Does you think that's goin' ter pass?

Serpose you thinks you are sumthing
Case you'se come back from France;
You're that presumptuous, I knows fust thing
You'll be axin me to dance.

Humph! Go git your "mam-selle"
With all er her "van rooze;"
Don' yer dare come nigh me
When yer feet's er dancin' booze."

Reckin er long er nex' simmer
When de moon outshines yer pipe,
An my patch is all er glimmer
Wid watermelons ripe,

You thinks to find me er waitin'
Like der "lubbly" French gals do,
But you'll have, I'se sartain,
Anither thot s' coming to you.

Jokes

M. E.W.: Looking at a diagram of a cow which showed the different cuts of meat.

C. LEWIS: "Do you know all of those?"
M. E.: "Sure."
C. L.: "Then show me the pork chops."

Narrow skirts are decreed, a Western cynic says, to prevent the girls from running after our returned heroes.—*Boston Transcript.*

TEACHER: "What is a couple?"
PUPIL: "I don't know."
RUTH C.: "Mary Dove and her chaplain."

MISS ABERNATHY, in History Class: "What are the three diversions of great Britain?"
G. EDWARDS: "Norway, Sweden, Denmark."

MISS TILLETT, *in Eng*lish II—"Where was the 'Star Spang'ed Banner' written?"
K. OEHLER: "At the Battle of Waterloo."

MISS LACY, in BibleI—"You can easily make a comparison between the four books, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, but I would not advise you to do it unless you want to go crazy." Pause. "I did it once."

Quotations from English exam. paper on Tennyson and Browning:

"There was Milton like a seraph strong,
By him Shakespeare stood hand in hand.
And the world worn Dante sung his song."

"Leave now for idle dogs and foolish toys."
"Tis not what man does that exalts him,
But what he succeeds in doing."
"How good is man's life. He
That nourishes a blind life within the brain."

"Our times are in his hand,
The whole of which I planned
To use, and in the baffle fight better."

"Faultily faultless, icily iceless."

The girls in Bible Class have learned a good deal about the Providences" of Isaiah this year.

E. FINLEY: "I just can't find these Latin words. I have hunted for an half hour."
M. MAC: "Why that is a French dictionary you have."

A FRIEND TO MRS. STOUGH: "Does your daughter play the piano by ear?"
MRS. STOUGH: "No, she uses both hands and both feet, but I don't think she has learned to use her ears."

THE BRIGHT FRESHMAN, in Math. I.:
C —18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7—8962619702400
18 12
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 479999600
She multiplied because she never thought of canceling.

Among the early events of the year there was a party given in Main Hall. Miss Tillett, glancing at Venus whom someone had dropped: "Look at Venus."
MISS FUNK: "Who is Venus?"

LAURIE DOWLING recently had a discussion in English II on "Absolutionist."

MISS TILLETT: "Name the divisions of "The Divine Comedy."
MISS VAN NESS: "Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained."

"Have you seen Frances Pitts' new skirt?"
"Why?"
"Why, there is 'standing room' only."

MISS WHITMORE: "By what sounds do you know that Spring is here?"
BRIGHT STUDENT: "Blooming Flowers."

A Freshman recently reproduced for English I a sermon by Dr. McGeachy on Foreign Missions. The following sentence occurred in the reproduction:
"When the Chinese were blooming, we were just budding."

Have you heard————"Memorize ————for tomorrow?"
"Please, pass the salt."
"I ask you to have study hall from four to six. Thank you."
"Laundry must be in today."
"I expect to find this room in perfect order."
"I just had a letter from the Captain."
"Lights out."
"What's on at Keith's?"
"I didn't let those cats in the dining room."
"Exercise's cards must be in today."
"Choral rehearsal this afternoon at four."
"Will the Biology Class please meet after chapel?"

Social Calendar

SEPTEMBER 12, 1918—MAY 27, 1919

SEPTEMBER 12: School opened.

SEPTEMBER 14: The Y. W. C. A. gave a backward party to the new girls.

SEPTEMBER 16: Formal opening. Immediately following the opening exercises a reception was given by the Alumnae Association to the teachers and the friends of the college:

SEPTEMBER 21:

Mrs. Alma Mater
requests the honor of your presence
at the marriage of her daughter
Studenette New
to
Mr. O. L. D. Student
on the evening of September the
twenty-first, nineteen hundred and eighteen
at eight o'clock
in the Queens College parlors

OCTOBER 5: Literary Society initiation.

OCTOBER 12: Fall picnic.

OCTOBER 19: The Y. W. C. A. gave a tacky party to the new girls.

OCTOBER 26: Miss Tillett and Miss Funk entertained North Hall.

NOVEMBER 11: Peace parade, and our first day out of quarantine.

NOVEMBER 28: Thanksgiving reception.

DECEMBER 2-JANUABY 3: Christmas holidays.

FEBRUARY 3: Miss Winifred Byrd's piano concert.

FEBRUARY 8: The Gamma Sigma and the Pi Delta Literary Societies gave a masquerade dance.

FEBRUARY 17: Faculty recital.

FEBRUARY 22: The Gamma Sigma Literary Society entertained the Pi Delta Literary Society at a birthday party.

FEBRUARY 24: Expression students' recital.

MARCH 12: Davidson Glee Club's concert. Reception for the Davidson and Charlotte boys.

MARCH 18: Miss Annie Price Carr entertained the Seniors at a breakfast.

MARCH 27: Students' concert.

APRIL 1: Miss Clara Henderson entertained the Board of Trustees at a luncheon.

APRIL 5: The biggest day of all the year. Why do we say it was the biggest day? It was the day of our Carnival, which was a great success. The Midway, Circus, Minstrel, Lunch Rooms, and Booths were very cleverly carried out by their managers.

APRIL 14: The Seniors entertained the Sophomores at a box party in the Imperial Theater.

APRIL 15: Miss Margaret McQueen gave a dinner to the faculty.

APRIL 25: College Day. Miss Minnie B. Doar gave her expression recital.

APRIL 28: "The Wild Rose" appeared on our stage in a light operetta.

APRIL 29: Miss Elizabeth Morrison entertained the faculty and mothers of the Domestic Science Class at a reception in the Gamma Hall. The College entertained twenty business men at a dinner.

MAY 5: The second year Domestic Science Class gave a reception.

MAY 12: Miss Mary Elizabeth Wearn gave a picnic to the faculty and boarding students.

MAY 23: Miss Lavinia Boyer's Expression recital.

MAY 24: Open society meeting.

MAY 25: Baccalaureate sermon.

MAY 26: Art exhibit. Class Day exercises. Grand concert.

MAY 27: Graduating exercises. Alumnae banquet.

The Princess Fought-Knightly

Published Weakly **Circulation: All Who Will Lend Their Ears**

MISS PITT-FALL'S FALL

Friday, 13th—Very exciting, tragical, and painful are the adjectives that describe the horrible accident which befell five of Carolina's queens. The unlucky ladies were the beautiful Miss At Kins, the dignified Miss Blaring Hannah, the dimpled-face Miss Can On, the clumsy Miss Brit Ton and the clinging (?) Miss Pitt Falls. They were turning their weary feet toward school as the hour was approaching six and these female objects dreaded the stares which a late arrival receives upon entering the dining-room after the occupants of this "fare" room have already begun cutting up and spooning with the few beans and hot dogs.

From out among the waving pines luxuriously rolled a handsome "Lemonseen" in which were seated two splendid young males. These young men showed their lovely manners by offering their "trotting" board as a foot-rest to these tired damsels. They were weary with their numerous packages which had been purchased at a "small" and "narrow" store. and tempted by the beaming smiles of the young men these five dignified Queens lightly stepped upon the car.

In a few seconds the car was brought to a stand-"silent." but the supposed dead chicken proved to be one of their passengers, Miss Pitt Falls. The pale-face gents with the green scared girls succeeded in dragging Miss Pitt Falls back to the car.

So as not to frighten the girls and faculty many convenient tales were spread over the campus. Even heels of shoes were on exhibition and all the girls frantically put their narrow skirts away for safety's sake.

The other young ladies suffered with Miss Pitt Falls as they were allowed to become the exclusive guests of the college's lovely campus for three joyous (?) weeks.

QUEENS GIRLS REFUSED TO BE SLACKERS.

Before the Christmas holidays a bunch of American Beauties decided to drop their leaves and sprout wings. They joined the Aviation Corps and "flu."

For a long time Queens had steered clear of this dreadful disease called flu. The faculty and students were patting each other on the back and spreading joy in general because they were so lucky.

But one day one of the students opened a window and in-flu-enza. It was indeed distressing. Every student was made to open her mouth and swallow exactly five pills a night. Every girl was sprayed until it became necessary to wear rain-coats and rubbers to all classes for there all time was time for spraying. The next morning the chapel was filled with tear-stained faces. Handker "warriors", saturated with alcohol. were held religiously up to the nose. The phone line was kept exceedingly busy, central not even acquiring time to chew her gum after each "number, please." It was decided best to let the students go and they flu. In less than a day the college was relieved of all girls who were able to travel.

MISS DOOR OPENS CAMPAIGN

Miss Minnie B. Door at Last Consents to Run for the Senate.

At last the great American public has the great opportunity to vote for Miss Door. We have been looking forward to such announcement for some time and have held our present issue back until we might be able to print the good news. Every American boy and girl knows Miss Door.

She has at last consented to give up her work as speaker at Queens College in order that she may transfer her oratorical ability to the United States Senate because she realizes what it means to the future America. Her victory at the polls is assured.

A GREAT TRAGEDY

Girl Almost Succeeds in Committing Side-ways. Was Harmlessly Employed

While Miss Hellen Ragson was industriously knitting away day before tomorrow on some red socks, her brain having an epileptic fit, told her that her ear-drum was the red sock. And so she transferred her needle to her ears. Although it was a very nerve racking accident, yet, with the help of our eminent Dr. L. X. Alexander it did not prove fatal, only causing her to walk with crutches for a couple or two days.

EDITORS

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Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Elizabeth Steal Clay-raw
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Assistant Business Manager
Sahara Owing Brit-ounce
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The Fought-Knightly adopts the nu-spelling.

EDITORIAL

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS

Although the girls are not allowed to walk off the campus Sunday afternoons, yet they enjoy these afternoons just the same, due to the kindness of the "Charlotte elect" (??) who come out to give the girls a treat!!!

LEEGONATIONS

We feel sure the world will be benefited by the "Leegonation" papers the Freshman class has just written. We are sorry that the Atlantic Monthly must lose the chance of publishing them, but we feel it our duty to allow the Peace Conference first.

THE PRINCESS

Altho, for many reasons, the College Magazine, the Princess, has been asleep this entire year, yet we hope it will wake up and be ready, with renewed purpose, for an active year, next fall.

BROTHERLY AND SISTERLY SPIRIT

Truly the brother and sister spirt is shown between Queens and Davidson. But isn't it a pity that only the worse side is shown? We can think of nothing we have done to peeve our brothers, but if we have we are quite ready to forget and make up.

CRUSHING.

Some of the girls have the habit of crushing. Let's put our foot on it and have it CRUSHED.

LADIES' KINGDOM

(Edited by Society Editor of the Fought-Knightly)

WELSH-HURT.

A quite quiet wedding occurred on one silent night at Queens College in the early fall. The beautiful Miss Violet Rabbit-Welsh decided to steal out of the college like a thief in the night and have the parson tie the bow-knot of love. now she is happy as Mrs. Hurt. This was really kept a secret among the girls for awhile. For days afterwards they all wore long faces, because Miss Rabbit-Welsh had put one over them.

Is she lucky???

I'll say she is!!!!

Oh, if all of us could but follow in her footsteps!

ENTERTAINMENT BY QUEENS PRIMA DONNAS

The superior talent found in our Queens was utilized recently in grand opera in the city of Charlotte. Below is given a list of those who appeared and their roles:

Madame Buttermilk. . . . Margaret Gwyn
Ah-eat-her . . . . . Mary Lee Crow-well
Cavalierah . Helen Johnson
Lo-he-grins . . . . . Elizabeth Hartman
Carmen . . . Mary Dixon
Will-he-tell . . . . . Laura Alexander
O fello . . Violet Johnson
Dese de Monah . . . . . Cathrine Blakeney
Ro me owed . . . . . Elizabeth Brown
Juie et em . Winifred Potts
Memphis top belese . . . . Laura Dowling

KLUBS

Kicked Klub

Orchestra . Virginia Atkins
Preserved . . . . Fay Kidd
Front balcony . . . . . Ruth Can On
Back balcony . . . . . Blaring Hannah
Front Pea-nut . . . . . Tina Wallace
Back Pea-nut . .Eunice Blue
Right Box . Peggy Clark
Left Box . . Kat Blakeney
Bozzards Roost . . . . . Elise Glenn

They told us that we were
being strung,
But this we did deny.
For they to us their love
had sung
Was it time to Cry?

But, oh, we spoke to soon
I fear.
For they no longer call us
dear.
But like a mule, they kicked
us high.
In faith, we almost reached
the sky.

Loafers' Club.

President . Blaring Hannah
V.-President . Tina Wallace
Secretary . Helen Rags-on
Treas. . Mary Lee Crow-well

Motto—"Do nothing today that can be put off till tomorrow."

Members: Lois Rogers, Kathrine Ivey, Ruth Anderson, and "Others."

Paint Shop

President . Ruth Anderson
V.-Pres. . . Cornelia Lewis
Secretary . Augusta Currie
Treasurer . Elizabeth Brown

Motto—"Put my lips on straight."

Rules—Visit all cut-rate drug stores.

Members: Ruby Thompson, Billy Van Ness, Elise Glenn, Sara Britton and Julia Fitzwater.

Kink Klub

President . Miss Whitmore
V.-President . Miss Kellogg
Treasurer . Ruth Anderson
Secretary . . . . . .
Ida Bertha Bauersfeld
Chief Curler . Lois Rogers
Assistant Curler . . . . .
Sara Britton of the Fought-Knightly

Davidson Glad Club

The student body enjoyed the rendering of sweet music by the handsome bunch of Davidsonians on March 24th. Everything was in tune and harmony. Even the quiet (?) bull dog, whose presence caused much comment at the reception, which was given after the performance.

PERSONALS

Misses Margaret Overton and Frances Pitts have decided to spend the rest of the month of May on the campus of this college.

Miss Virginia Atkins will spend the week-end with Auntie Belle.

Mr. Al Thomas is expecting to have a date at Queens College in the near future.

Mr. Spong's automobile was seen in front of the college this afternoon.

Mr. Orr, our eminent night watchman, used his useful pistol on Ben Withers and his "gang" last night. The casualties were not severe.

FUN AND FANCY

Useless Questions

"Sara, have you worked your Math"

"Kathrine, were you on time to breakfast?"

"Violet, did you get a package?"

"Rosie, do you know your part in the operetta?"

"Ida Bertha, were you late to your class this A. M.?"

"Did Miss Lacy miss her Bible class this A. M.?"

"Kat, did you hear from Sonny?"

"Julia, did you write Clifford last night?"

"Did Tina kiss Kat last night?"

"Ruth Herron, did you sweep this morning?"

"Mrs. Caldwell, did you dose Virginia up today?"

"Ruth C., have you studied your Bible?"

STATISTICS??

Fattest—Cornelia Lewis.

Thinnest—Laura McGinn.

Loudest—Margaret June.

Quickest—"Yankee" Reed, Louise Wilkie, Lucile "Less."

Biggest eater — Lillian Bailes.

Sweetest — Ruth Ander-"daughter", Minnie B. Door.

Most popular with Faculty—Dorothy Powell.

Grumbler—Ed-na Deaton.

Chatterbox — Flossie-"up" Rudisill.

Best singer—Laura Dowling.

Freshest—Margaret Wilkerson.

Heart smasher — Alice Todd.

Most fickle — Winifred "Paus."

Most studious — "Pearl" Thompson.

Most feminine — Kath "fat" Frink.

Biggest bluffer — Dorcas "Lounge."

Happy-go-lucky — Agnes L. Buchanan.

ADDS TOO LATE TO BE CLASSIFIED

"Obzurvenne"

Wanted — A President—Queens College.

Wanted—Some chalk—Miss Whitmore.

Found — Some perpetual gigglers—M. L. Crow-well, Elise Glenn, Eunice Blue.

Wanted—A Cat—Cornelia Lewis.

Wanted—Some eats—Mrs. Caldwell.

For Sale—New expression —"Four Blocks" — Peggy Clarke.

Wanted—A boodeling hole —K. Shute and M. Gwyn.

For Sale—An old worn-out line of dope — Billy Van Ness.

Wanted—A pacifier—Virginia Abbott.

For Sale — Appetites—Student Body (and Faculty???)

Wanted—Ideas—Editor of Fought-Knightly.

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CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mary Liles missing a question?

Miss Tillett missing an English class?

The Davidson boys at Queens?

M. L. Crolwell without a crush?

Capt. Anderson without a joke?

Miss Moss on time to breakfast?

Chicken on the table at Queens?

Wee Martin not talking?

Miss Lacy without Miss Whitmore?

Any books in Queens College Library?

Freshman, entering the chapel for the first time, "Oh, look at that big radiator!"

Margaret A: "I'm not going to put up with it any longer. Miss Haynes blessed me out for something I didn't do."

Katherine N: "That's awful. what didn't you do?"

Margaret A: "A geometry problem."

Clara H.: "Mary Lynn, I tell you Miss Funk is in the indignative mood, active voice. future tense of the verb, furio.

"Why does Miss Kellogg close her eyes when she sings, "Tina, Tina?" Because she hates to see her audience suffer.

"Do you love me?" asked the little sack. "I'm just wrapped up in you," answered the sugar. "You sweet thing," said the sack.

Miss Whitmore: "Age is honorable."

Elsie (whispering to Gladys): "Well she has her share of the honor."

Miss Abernethy: "Who assassinated Abraham Lincoln?"

Eloise: "Wilkes Booth Lincoln!"

He kissed her on the cheek
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He's been laid up for a week
They say with painter's colic.

—Exchange.

BY THEIR NAMES YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

If Miss Lacy were lost, would Margie Hunter?

If a mad dog would chase Maude Welsh, would Katherine Shute?

What would happen if Virginia Atkins should get lost in Fish-Marsh?

Why is Oppie popular at mid-night feasts? Because she is a Spoon.

Why is Eunice always Blue?

Why does Miss Kellogg like Post-Toasties?

Why should Queens use tea and coffee when they have (Fitz) water?

Why is Margaret's credit good? Because she is Cash-(ion).

Why does Elizabeth rule Mrs. Caldwell? Because she is king.

What color does Preacher Alexander like? Brown.

Why is Odessa so sour? Because she is a Lemon (d).

Why does Kat cling to Tina? Because she is Ivy.

If Annie should purchase an automobile would it be a Hudson?

Why is Hortense popular with French officers? Because she is a Cabel.

Why is Valeria called a flower? Because she is a Posey.

Why is Mary so peace-loving? Because she is a Dove.

Why should Katherine be a Freshman? Because she is Greene.

BIG SHOW

35c 35c

Some say its cheap,
Some say its high
But the show is deep
And all must see it or die.

Yes, Queens' beauties, dancers, jokers and singers will all appear in the operetta called "The Wild Rose."

Seats are plentiful, your presence requested! adv.

FOR SALE

1st Class Ponies—Hinds, Noble, Eldridge.

2nd Class Ponies—Sophomore Class.

Buy a pony and ride thru Freshman Latin! adv.

Right this way to the Y. W. Store
Oh, it'll prove that it's no bore.
For here sells candy,
Pickles and crackers.
Come on now and
Don't be slackers!

Adv.

Come to Queens College and Get Some Knowledge.

Rates . . . . . Cheap
Board . . . . . Fair
Fare . . . . . .Poor
Faculty (?) (One glance suffices)
Conveyance . Ford autos
Chaperone . . Extra Gay
Lights . . Students' Levy
Heat . . . . . Cold
Motto: We please to please no one.

BEN-HIM
at the College Auditorium

All females requested not to come.

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